

Good Morning 604

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

In America, Says Stuart Martin, BIG CRIME IS BIG BUSINESS

STUART MARTIN was for some years a crime reporter working for New York and Chicago dailies. He met the big gangsters and the men who beat the gangsters. He discovered the "inside" stories of big crime. In this new series, he will recall some of the sensational cases he covered as a newspaperman.



A recent photograph of the author.

THEY'RE asking me for some stories of American criminals; and right up before me comes the picture of San Quentin Prison.

San Quentin! San Quentin! I know the inside stories of some of the men who spent years there; and I know the inside story of the crimson night when these same men broke loose in Canon City gaol and burned it down and shot wardens in plenty.

San Quentin! It was there James B. McNamara went. And Al Capone. And Danny. And—there they go, the ghosts of them, before me, good chaps with criminal records. And John J. McNamara... they come floating along.

James B. McNamara was an old man when I saw him there. He was a young man when he went. So far as I know, he is still there.

The crime of the two brothers McNamara thrilled America, thrilled the world. I saw the two ends of the drama. But let me tell you first of all that these big crimes of U.S.A. Britain. Things are done differently over there as a rule.

There were about 100 persons in the building. About a score got away unscathed. There were twenty dead. The others had broken legs, broken heads, and multiple injuries through leaping from windows.

General Harrison Otis was owner-editor. He was an independent individual. He hated trade unionism, fought it where and when he could. He had a car on which he had mounted a model machine gun. If you said a word in praise of Harrison Otis in certain parts of San Francisco you stood the chance of getting your face smashed in.

He wasn't in the building when the blow-up took place.

But the "Times" came out next day as usual. Otis had an auxiliary plant two blocks away. And that morning the headline was, "Unionist Bombs Wreck the 'Times'."

A committee of investigation came to the conclusion that the explosion had been caused by dynamite, and escaping gas had caused the fire.

Job Harriman, the attorney for the Los Angeles labour unions, took charge of investigations for that body ordered by the Labour Council. And Job said the blow-up was not caused by dynamite, but by escaping gas. Some whispers went around that Otis knew something about that. Other whispers denied the suggestion.

To "open shop" upholders Otis was a hero. To unionists he was something else. The bust-up caused tension

all over California and elsewhere. Would there be more blowing? There was. On Christmas night dynamite wrecked part of the Llewellyn Iron Works, where men were on strike.

But before this, William J. Burns, the famous detective, had been retained by the

National Erectors' Association to ferret out other dynamite cases. He arrived in Los Angeles the day after the "Times" got blown, and the Mayor engaged him to get on the job.

Burns (I knew him well) had his own methods. He was a sturdy little guy, close moustache, wavy hair; silent, suspicious. Newspaper men never got much out of him.

Burns had been "gunning" for James B. McNamara for some time. He had also been watching the ironworkers' headquarters at Indianapolis, where John J. McNamara dwelt.

He had been out for a third man, named McGraw. Later it turned out that McGraw's real name was Ortie McManigal. He was James B.'s assistant on "jobs."

The two McNamaras were Labour men to the core. James B. had the face of an ascetic and the dreams of an anarchist. John J. was reputed to be willing to dynamite where Labour required for better wages.

You see the Big Business coming in. This was no small crime. It was a clash between opposing interests. Primitive methods at that, by both.

Burns let a few more bombs go off, and then, having enough of what he called evidence, he slammed down. He got James B. in Los Angeles, McManigal in Detroit, and John J. in his office at Indianapolis.

Burns told me that James B. offered Burns's men up to 30,000 dollars to let him go, and when they wouldn't, he said, "I'd blow up the whole damn country to get our rights."

James B. denied this to me. He denied it all the time.

Where did Burns get much of his evidence? From McManigal, who made a confession.

There were legal difficulties in getting his men into California, so Burns didn't wait. He got over that by "kidnapping" them, slinging them over the border. So that was that.

The case became a national issue. With his confession, McManigal was set free to give evidence. (He later went back to Los Angeles and lived under an assumed name.)

Job Harriman, as counsel for the unions, gave it out that he had witnesses to prove that the explosion was caused by gas. Burns told us newspapermen that he had enough evidence to get a conviction on the Macs.

Labour yelled, "It's a frame-up."

The "open shop" supporters yelled back it was a crime of Communists. America was sensitive about Communism just then.

Then it came out that Job Harriman, Labour's counsel, was running for Mayor of Los Angeles on the Labour-Socialist ticket. From the county jail, John J. McNamara sent out word that "the only way for the working class to get justice was to

(Continued on Page 3)



It's Hive of Industry at 96, P.O. Jack Smith

CALLING at your home, 96 Alexandra Road, Lowestoft, Mike is getting on fine after P.O. Jack Smith, we stepped into a hive of industry. Peggy, very pleased with himself in your wife, was packing a parcel to you, and daughter Madeline, a bright child for three, was busily grooming her Teddy Bear. Sister-in-law Olive worked on camouflage nets on a rod over the sitting-room door. Two cats polished our trouser-legs to express their approval—goodness knows why.

Then Mother came in and suggested a cup of tea—the very thing we needed. So now you see the group we photographed, all except the cats, who still preferred to polish our trouser-legs.

Madeline put aside Teddy for the rabbit you gave her. It was of the utmost importance Bunny should be in the group. Children are like that, fortunately—the simple things mean much to them.

Just a word about others of the home family. Dad is well, and hopes you are. Doris is

well again and back on her job. Mike is getting on fine after his recent illness. David is into a hive of industry. Peggy, very pleased with himself in your wife, was packing a parcel to you, and daughter Madeline, a bright child for three, was busily grooming her Teddy Bear. Sister-in-law Olive worked on camouflage nets on a rod over the sitting-room door. Two cats polished our trouser-legs to express their approval—goodness knows why.

Bert, your brother-in-law, was expected home in February on nine days' leave, and Olive was counting the days.

As we went out, Cousin Ethel and Ruby came in; both send love to you, just as all the others do.

One thing more from your wife. She sends her fond love, and remarked how distressed they all were to hear in your last letter about the "unobtainable pint." She is sure the local would be only too glad to oblige, and if not, come home and see what the family can do about it.

So we left Peggy to get on with the packing of the parcel for you.

ANIMALS AND ODOURS

AN invitation to turn game hunters has been made to British Forces serving overseas by the London Zoo, who ask: "Bring back alive any strange animals you may find where you are stationed."

The Zoo have been forced to do this by temporary war-time shortages of the not-so-rare-but-hard-to-get type of animals. For five years they have been unable to replace animals that have died through old age.

They undertake to pay for the passage of the animals. If the men can get the animals, the Zoo will collect them from ships after arrangements have been made with the Port Officer on departure. If men are able to bring animals back alive with them, the Zoo will take over quarantine responsibilities.

Already—without any appeal—a mongoose, a tarantula spider, snakes, and a little genet (cat) are in "prisoner-of-war cages" in the Zoo, captured and sent back by British soldiers.

THE scent of the rose is the most popular of all odours, according to a "quiz" which has been turned on several hundred people by an American organisation.

Among "flowery" smells, in order of "merit," were: Lilac, lily of the valley, violet, carnation and lavender.

Analysis by percentages showed that for six people who liked the smell of olive oil, there were 70 who said they disliked it.

Vinegar was found to be disliked by 54 people, while only 11 liked it. Turpentine had also 11 who spoke in its favour, and 63 who did not.

The groups of scents were classified as flowery, fruity, spicy, resinous, burnt and putrid. In the "burnt" group it was rather surprising that more objected to the smell of tobacco than liked it. The percentages were Dislike 36, like 33, neutral 21, no reply 10.

The older a person was, the less he or she cared for the smell of petrol.



THE CLIMBERS GET A MESSAGE for L.Tel. James Didsbury

BY the time "G.M." representatives had negotiated those hundreds of stone steps from Dartmouth Quay to Crowther's Hill they were footsore and breathless, but your wife, Leading Telegraphist James Didsbury, who opened the door, must be used to answering exhausted callers, for she smiled sympathetically and told us, as we struggled for breath, to keep calm and wait a minute before speaking.

Laden with notebooks and flashlight camera, we eventually announced ourselves, and then there was a big welcome and a cup of tea with your mother-in-law and those two fine youngsters of

yours, little 14-month-old Jimmie, and Margaret, aged four.

The news your wife is most concerned about at the moment is the new flat at 6 Above Town she is moving into any day now. That is certainly an unusual address, which had to be carefully spelled before being understood. But there is a nice kitchenette, dining-room, bedroom, etc., etc., and by all accounts it looks like being very comfortable.

"Tell James he'll be able to relax in comfort when he

comes home," said Mrs. Didsbury.

As the new Utility furniture ordered in November last has not yet arrived, the temporary furnishing will be by permission of your mother-in-law, who is letting your wife use all she needs until her own arrives. Anyway, a very important item for any housewife—the modern gas stove—has been delivered!

All your family looked very well, James. Your wife says it's all those steps she has to climb every time she goes shopping that keep her fit.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—"Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

These are Cash Secrets of the Jive Game

By DICK GORDON

THE chief of one of Britain's largest dance halls reveals, in an interview with Dick Gordon, some amazing facts about the jive game.

If you are only a casual dancer, and just like to listen to dance music on the radio without actually "swinging" to it, you can have no idea of the big money behind dance business. As manager of one of Britain's popular dance halls, I truly feel I have my finger on the pulse of Britain.

Strange thing is that in the dance-hall business we have an entirely different set of stars from radio or the stage; they are "stars" of whom the general public seldom hears, yet they play to over 600,000 dancers on "twice-a-day" programmes, so they should know what the public wants.

You will quickly discover that they are not "front-page" stars like Jack Hylton or Henry

Hall, but men such as Ivor Kirchin, George Colborn, Harold Garbutt, Alan Green, Chips Wilms. They are the kings of danceland, yet I am sure comparatively few radio listeners have ever heard of them.

"Booms-a-daisy" is typical of dances that have made world fame. This charming dance is interspersed with a bit of pre-Valeta and Strauss-like waltzing; it is certainly not a "jitter-bug" dance—but the "big business" behind its success and popularity may give many people the jitters.

Soon the "Booms-a-daisy" was at every dance hall. One of the biggest paper-hat and toy firms planned a £24,000 "drive" for hats to wear during these period dances.

Do you know that when the famous "Chestnut Tree" boom started, in only six weeks 240,000 song copies and 30,000 records were sold, while enterprising gadget firms who linked

up with the devisers of the dance sold 10,000 little "movie" books, 2,000 "Chestnut Tree" powder puffs, and 1,800 handkerchiefs with "Chestnut Tree" motifs!

One big group of dance halls, in which the "Lambeth Walk" originated, employs over 2,000 people, including nearly 500 musicians.

Dance fads benefit so many trades—gown shops, tailors, cosmetic manufacturers, and dozens of others. Special "effects" in my hall alone include miles of cable, over 4,000 electric lights, and a weekly bill of some £340 for stunt-dance novelties.

The thousands of dance halls all over Britain bring this total up to a staggering sum. I should say that a good dance fad can involve a sum of at least £200,000—not even including all the kindred trades who benefit.

One big circuit of dance halls had to spend £400 a week on paper hats for the "Lambeth Walk." Over 6,000 articles are needed for any "gift" dance, run usually once a week for a certain period.

"Chestnut Tree," which still continues to be a success, all began, of course, at a holiday camp at Southwold, when the King, singing the "Village Blacksmith," gave Jimmy Kennedy the idea for the "Chestnut Tree."

We ought to get a kick out of the knowledge that many of the dance fads are British. Mr. C. L. Heimann, who runs probably the biggest circuit of dance halls and ballrooms in this country, told me recently, "I believe these dance fashions represent the true spirit of

democracy.

NO PLUGGING.

We don't "plug" tunes—not even the "craze" dances—but play them only in exact proportion to public demand.

Within a fortnight of the central idea of the "Chestnut Tree" song copies were printed and sold fairly slowly at first—about 700 a day average. I believe the day after publication only 590 copies were actually sold. But after a few months it was selling at over 12,000 a day!

Yes, we in the dance hall business help to build up these millions, but it is not "artificial" money—it is all sound box-office £ s. d., built up on public demand. You can't make the public dance the tunes they don't like.

Try to "plug" an unpopular tune at a dance hall and the band-leader will soon get the monumental raspberry!

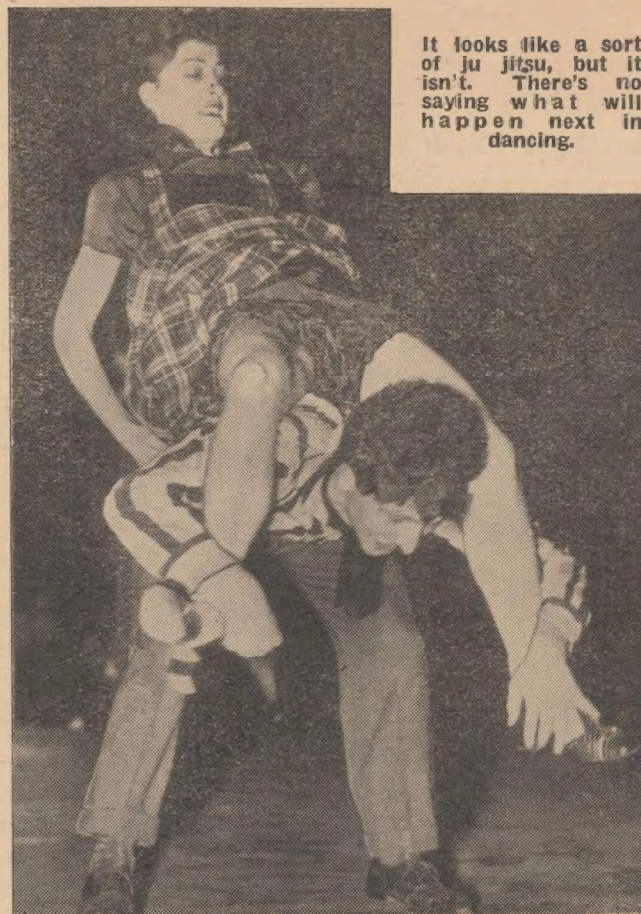
POPULAR TUNES.

You can play only the tunes people want—and the tunes they want are the good tunes they hear on the radio. Even poor tunes don't benefit by "plugging." You would be amazed if you could know how dance-tune popularity is built up by broadcasting.

In my business you have to rely on figures, not guesswork. Some of our most reliable figures have come from the Mass-Observation group.

They made a test with Mass-Observation on 400 people. Only 17 per cent. didn't know that the dance they were being questioned about was the "Lambeth Walk."

The folk who did recognise it first heard of it in the following ways:—



It looks like a sort of ju jitsu, but it isn't. There's no saying what will happen next in dancing.

Broadcasting	41 per cent.
From friends	18 per cent.
Saw it danced	16 per cent.
Newspaper	15 per cent.
Seeing it in Lupino Lane's show	—
Newsreels	10 per cent.

Of those who remembered the date they first heard the "Lambeth Walk," 30 per cent. heard it before May (1938), 20 per cent. heard it in May, 25 per cent. in June, and the rest in July.

QUIZ for today

1. A twibill is a bird, false argument, two-edged sword, Welsh fairy, wood-carver's tool?
2. What is the Parliament of the Isle of Man called?
3. What is the difference between (a) a tye, and (b) a ti?
4. Is a Blackrex a Negro king? If not, what?

5. What does a fletcher make?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Indeed, Into, Incase, Inside, Insure, Inly.

Answers to Quiz in No. 603

1. Alloy.
2. Fomalhaut.
3. Henry VIII and Francis I (of France).
4. Four.
5. August 14th, 1941.
6. Cat does not provide hair for brushes; others do.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



WINCHESTER, historic former capital of England, has a boy "mayor" 16-year-old Victor Harvie—and a "City Council" composed entirely of school children.

The "deputy mayor" is a girl, Jean Herfidge, who failed to secure election to the mayoralty by eighteen votes to four. Her successful rival gracefully nominated her as his deputy.

Winchester Children's Council meets once a month in the Council Chamber at the Guildhall, the members occupying the seats of their civic elders.

They solemnly and sincerely discuss the same sort of problems that the city's real administrators do, adhering strictly to civic procedure and rules of debate, under the advice and guidance of the real Town Clerk, Mr. F. W. Kempton, who is also the Chief Education Officer of Winchester.

It was Mr. Kempton who first suggested the formation of a Children's Council as a means of developing the interest of the city's younger generation in the knowledge and practice of the principles of local government.

The idea was taken up enthusiastically by the local schools, and elections were held among the scholars to elect a Council of 18 councillors and six aldermen.

Early meetings of the Children's Council were marked by much outspokenness on many civic problems, and by mild criticisms of some of the actions of the "grown-up" City Council.

As a result, the City Education Committee have decided to exclude the public and the Press from future meetings of the Children's Council. "Censored" reports of the meetings will be sent to the local newspapers at stated intervals.



A SCHEME is afoot for the formation of a professional symphony orchestra for Wales, which is being organised by a special committee appointed by the National Council of Music.

It is proposed to submit the scheme to a conference of the civic, educational and cultural bodies of Wales.

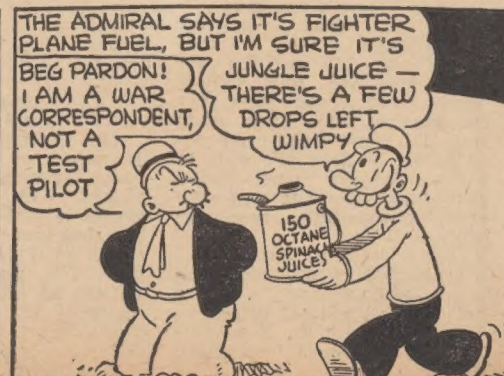
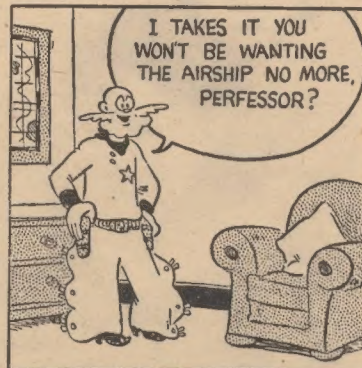
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



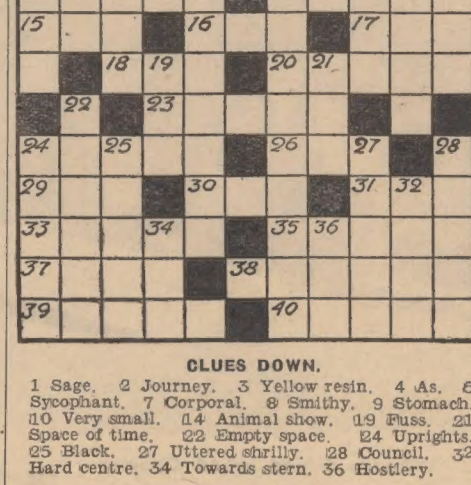
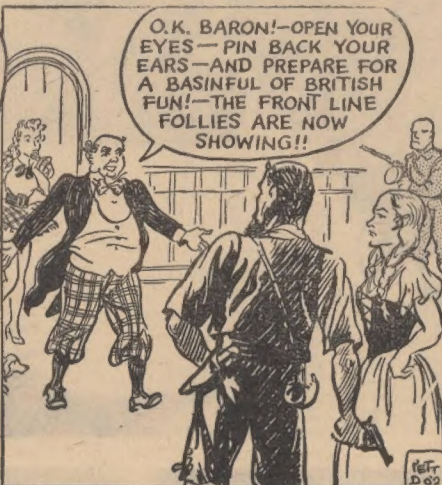
WANGLING WORDS—543

1. Behead an animal and get a pronoun.
2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—*Veren lide sorperp lopepe.*
3. In the following, the two missing words contain the same letters in different order: *Straighten the carpet, please; that ——— people up.*
4. What town in U.S.A. has TSB for the exact middle of its name?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 542

1. S-haw.
2. Hunger is the best sauce.
3. Take Kate.
4. BeNARes.

JANE



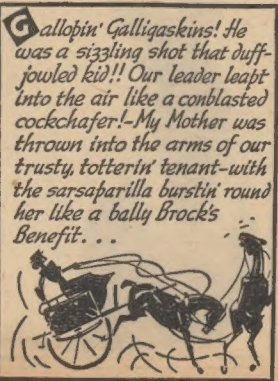
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



The McNamara's Story

(Continued from Page 1)

elect its own representatives to office." Harriman's great idea was to secure the votes before the trial came along, in case... But there were delays in fixing the trial. In Judge Bordwell's court the two Macs pleaded Not Guilty, and the trial was set for October 11th.

The big criminal lawyer, world-famed Clarence Darrow, was engaged for the defence. District Attorney John D. Frederick was for the prosecution. While he was in jail, John J. McNamara was re-elected secretary-treasurer of the iron-workers.

Samuel Gompers, veteran Labour leader, was photographed in jail with the Macs. Sam said the case was a frame-up. He also endorsed Harriman's candidature. That meant votes.

Meanwhile, there was a great demonstration, men on horseback, banners flying, armies of workers, to gain funds for the defence. They

got well over a quarter of a million dollars. But the election date was coming in sight. It was December 5th. By the middle of November the jury box was only half-filled. Both sides were working furiously.

At last the trial opened; but on December 1st the District Attorney stood up in court and asked for a postponement, as he had "grave matters to consider."

The postponement carried the case to the afternoon, and then the surprise came. The defence had withdrawn its plea. James B. McNamara now pleaded guilty to wrecking the "Times" building. John J. said he had dynamited the iron-works.

When the announcement was made the court was struck dumb. A New York reporter yelled aloud, "Jesus, ain't this fierce!" Nobody replied.

It was a smash right enough. The defence, on which all the workers of the Far West had

built their hopes, had fallen down like a deflated balloon.

What about the statements of Darrow, the famous lawyer, of Samuel Gompers, of Job Harriman, the Labour counsel and candidate, or the Macs themselves?

Flat as a pancake. The newspapermen got hold of Darrow and grilled him in his hotel with questions. He was a sick—mentally sick—man. He still thought the explosion might have been caused at the "Times" by "gas."

Burns, the detective, said, "They knew all along."

James B. McNamara told us, "If I swing, I'll swing for a principle."

Old Sam Gompers wept. Later he said he never knew what Burns said he knew.

Burns replied to us, "What I think of that man is unfit to print." So we went back to the judge. He said he'd pronounce sentence on December 5th. Election Day!

He pronounced sentence for

life on James B. McNamara, and San Quentin was the destination.

He sent John J. down for fifteen years.

And then the election results were given. Job Harriman was defeated. Who wouldn't be in the circumstances?

After about ten years John J. McNamara was freed. In 1930 James B. was still doing the tramp around in the exercise yard of San Quentin. If he's still alive, I bet he wishes he was dead.

Why did the McNamaras change their plea to Guilty? I was told later that they had been "advised" that way and that they would have the "mercy" of the court.

ALEX CRACK

With high hopes, the commercial traveller called on a tradesman with whom he had never done business before.

"May I show you my samples?" he asked.

"Certainly," answered the tradesman, and watched his visitor produce a surprisingly large selection of goods from a very small attache case. The traveller pointed out their merits and then waited.

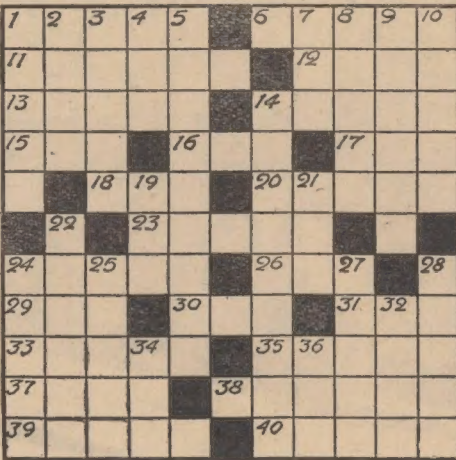
"Well, there's only one thing I want," said the dealer, and the other whipped out his order book.

"Yes, and what is that?"

"I want to see how you're going to get all those samples back into your bag."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Employees. 6 Not suitable. 10 Gilded bronze.



CLUES DOWN. 1 Sage. 2 Journey. 3 Yellow resin. 4 As. 5 Sycophant. 7 Corporal. 8 Smithy. 9 Stomach. 10 Very small. 14 Animal show. 19 Fuss. 21 Space of time. 22 Empty space. 24 Uprights. 25 Black. 27 Uttered shrilly. 28 Council. 32 Hard centre. 34 Towards stern. 36 Hostility.

11 Sign of Zodiac. 14 Telegraphy system. 15 Unfold poetically. 16 Drink. 17 Turncoat. 20 Necessitous. 23 Preclude. 24 Unit of land. 26 Hiatus. 29 Card. 30 Look at. 31 Cold. 33 Sweeten. 35 Cathedral city. 37 Grass. 38 Famous dramatist. 39 Hit. 40 Over.

FOOL BASS D
I HARICOT E
GAIT TUREEN
SMOCK MEALS
M HAKE DUE
GOT LING S
UNITED ARID
LIMA STROVE
FABLE ORDER
REFEREE
CHEST STORY

He Shovelled Millions

LORD DAVIES OF LLANDINAM, whom everyone in Wales loved, died some months ago leaving just over half a million pounds in his will. This has come as a surprise in the Principality, but it should not have been.

Throughout his life he virtually shovelled millions away, helping the National Museum, the National Library, setting up a Church college and building the Temple of Peace and Health in Cardiff. His family built the first pithead baths in Wales.

The greatest philanthropist of our time in Wales has made sure that his life's work for peace and health shall go on. After personal bequests, half the residue goes to carry on his work. He was the champion of an International Police Force to keep the world's peace. We had a try-out of his idea in the Saar plebiscite.



"Henry and I are not on speaking terms. This is our only means of communication!"

Good Morning

We've just thought of the best job in the world ! It's to be an oculist, and gravely examine Ann Sheridan's eyes. We would be in a tiny, dark room, and we would have an electric torch strapped to our forehead, and we would take Miss Sheridan gently by the chin and . . . "Aw, lady, you're driving us loco !"



THIS ENGLAND. When a friend asked Charles Dickens how many gables there were on the King's Head at Chigwell — a favourite haunt of the novelist — he replied that there were too many for a lazy man to count on a sunny day. When we asked George Greenwell, who took this picture, he replied that he was too muzzy to count them, too.

★ FOOTLOOSE CAMERAMAN'S PIN-UP GIRL ★



"When I was in the Sudan, I often saw wandering tribes — or nomads, as they are called. I remember particularly the Hadendoa tribe. The girls are remarkable for their fine white teeth, which they used to brush vigorously with wooden toothbrushes. I never could discover which brand of toothpaste they used."



Trust a porcupine to give any dart-player points ! The shortage of arrows never worries these gentry — they just pull three bristles from their bustles, and carry on.

What's odd about this picture? We'll give you ten seconds . . . Time's up ! Didn't you notice that all the little girls' hair is cut to exactly the same style ? Looks as if Mother's pudding-basin has been working overtime.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Wonder if Miss Sheridan can see in a dark room."

